

HICKMAN
RIBIC
SVORCINA

AVA

ALIENS VS. AVENGERS





"John's art made the most fantastical situations feel grounded and real. His work had a uniquely cinematic quality to it, and we strive to bring to the screen what he masterfully accomplished on the page: characters that, even as they're pulled into extraordinary situations, still seem human and believable. He was a wonderful artist and storyteller, collaborator and friend to so many of our people here at Marvel."

— Kevin Feige

PRESIDENT, MARVEL STUDIOS

"John is one of the defining creative voices of his generation, whose work will be celebrated for years to come. His artistic and design skills were unparalleled, and he moved into otherworldly when you took in his ability to tell a story visually. With all that being said, he was simply a great guy who enjoyed a great meal and a quiet conversation. I will miss John dearly, and I consider myself lucky to have been his friend."

— Dan Buckley

PRESIDENT, MARVEL COMICS & FRANCHISE

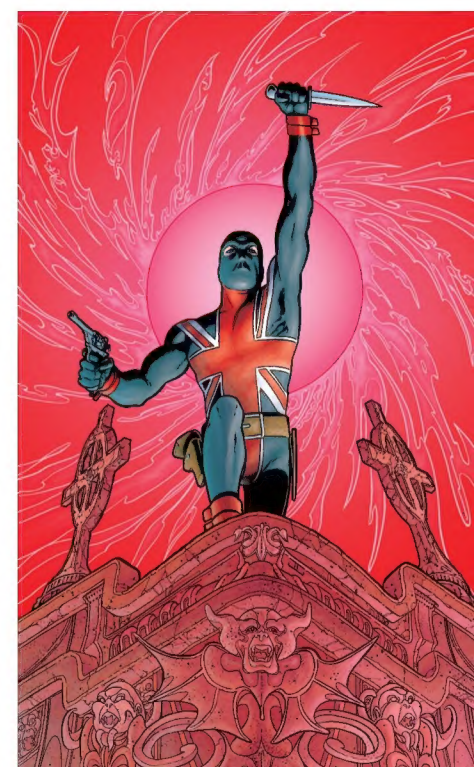
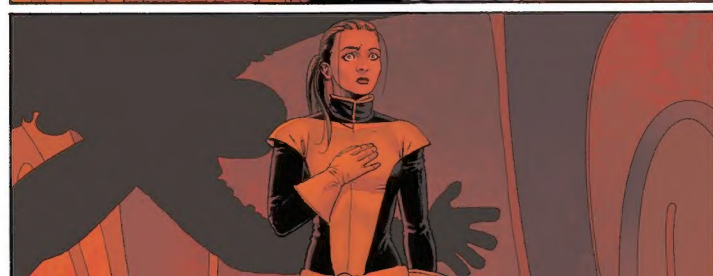
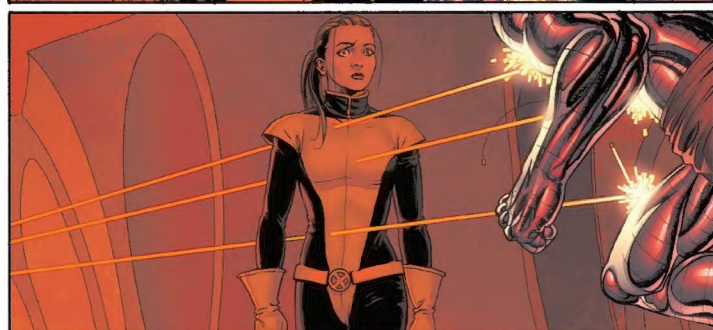
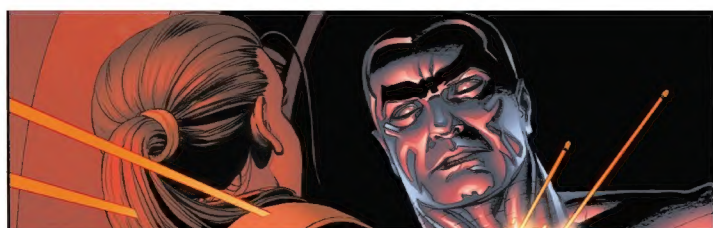
"John approached his art in the same way he did everything in life: fearlessly. It's what made him so good at what he did. From the soft touch needed on certain lines, to the bold bravado of the shots he often chose, John made every page better by putting 100% of himself into every composition and character. His comics truly embody his spirit, and while he's left us far too early, his legacy will live forever in these stories that he loved telling."

— C.B. Cebulski

EDITOR IN CHIEF, MARVEL COMICS

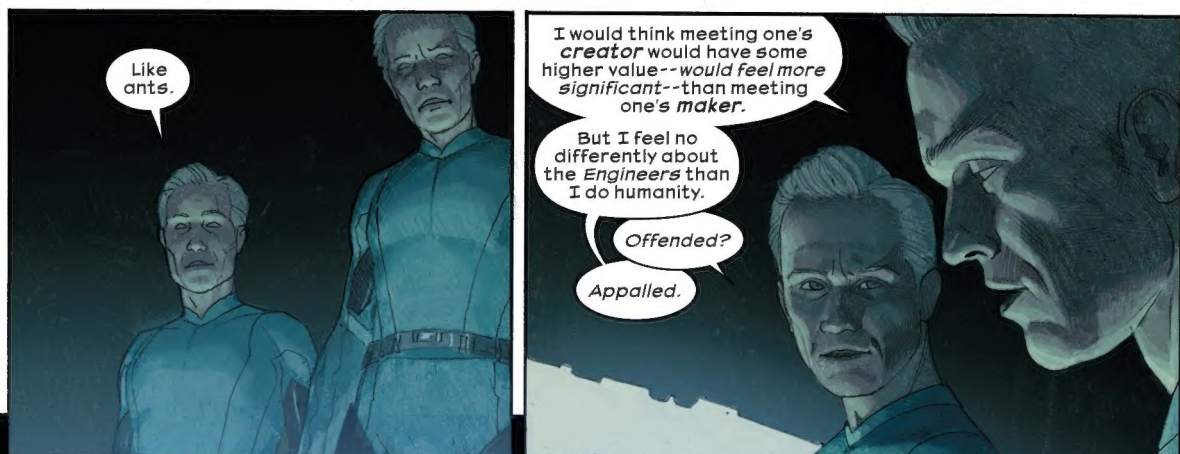
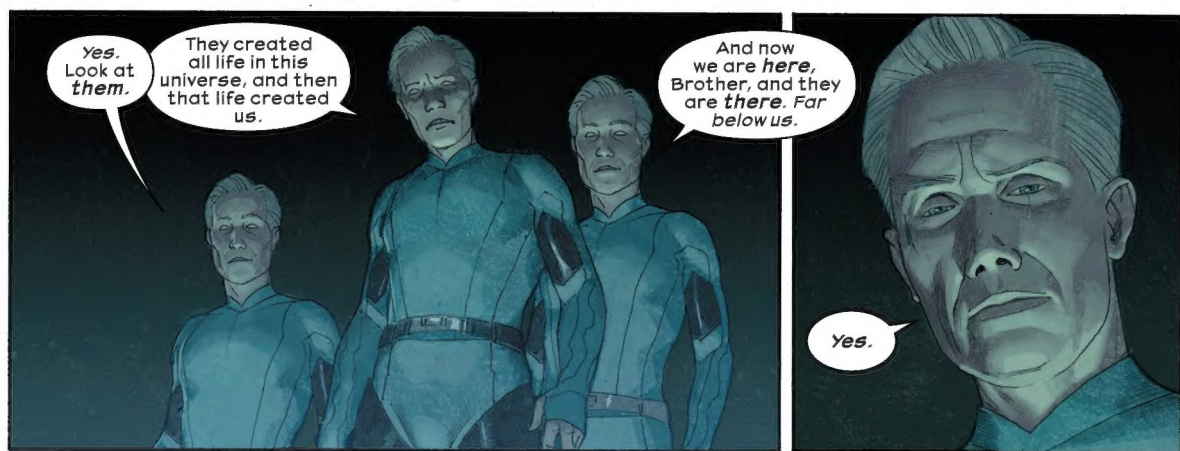
JOHN CASSADAY

PENCILER · INKER · ARTIST · FRIEND



Another universe.
Another time.



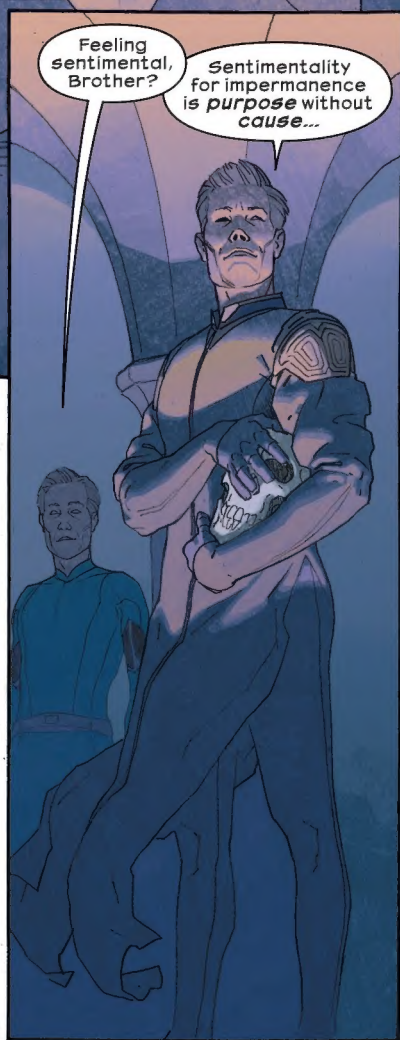




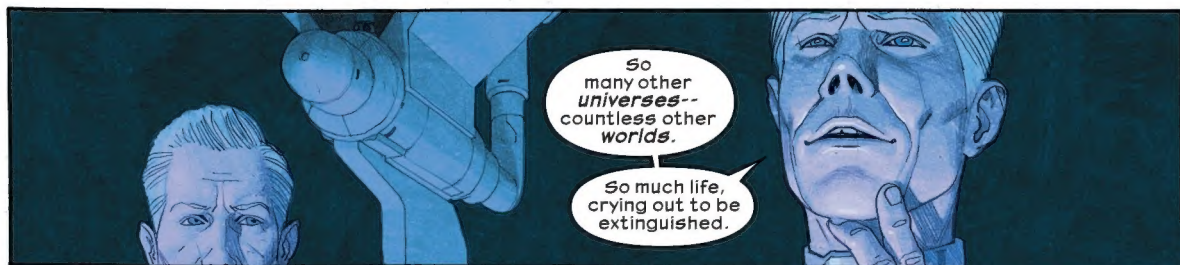
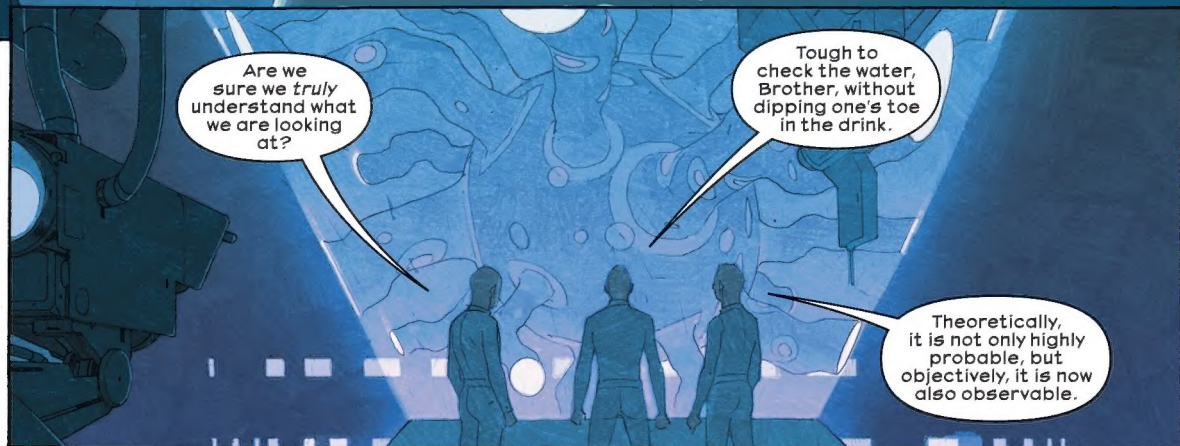
Ants.



100 years later.
10,000 planets later.



1000 years later.



In the outer reaches of space, an alien species lurks. Known as **XENOMORPHS**, they reproduce by implanting their **EMBRYOS** in live **HOSTS**, where the embryo rapidly matures and ultimately kills the host by bursting out of their chest. Adult Xenomorphs are semi-intelligent and extremely hostile. Once a Xenomorph **HIVE** takes root, there's nowhere to hide from the deadly...

ALIENS

When **EARTH** was threatened by super-powerful forces, Earth's mightiest **HEROES** came together to fight their common enemy. Since that day, a group of heroes has always banded together to save the universe from existential threats and defend the innocent or, failing that, avenge them. As such, this group has become known as the...

AVENGERS

DAVID 8, a synthetic designed personally by **Peter Weyland**, has turned on his creators and done what Weyland never could: harnessed a perfect killing machine. Pods of **XENOMORPHS** rain down on planets across the Multiverse, and now they've invaded Earth. Humanity's last hope is a small city of survivors under the protection of the remaining **AVENGERS: BRUCE BANNER, CAROL DANVERS, TONY STARK**, and **MILES MORALES. VALERIA RICHARDS**, daughter of the late **REED RICHARDS** and **SUE STORM**, fell to the Xenomorphs while trying to create a virus to wipe the aliens out. The facehugger that gestated inside her got loose in the Avengers' headquarters and attacked Miles, A.K.A. **SPIDER-MAN**, only to be intercepted by the extraterrestrial creature already bonded to Miles--the **VENOM** symbiote!

As the Xenomorph threat grows and their own numbers dwindle, Earth's Mightiest Heroes must decide: Do they abandon their home to save what's left of humanity?

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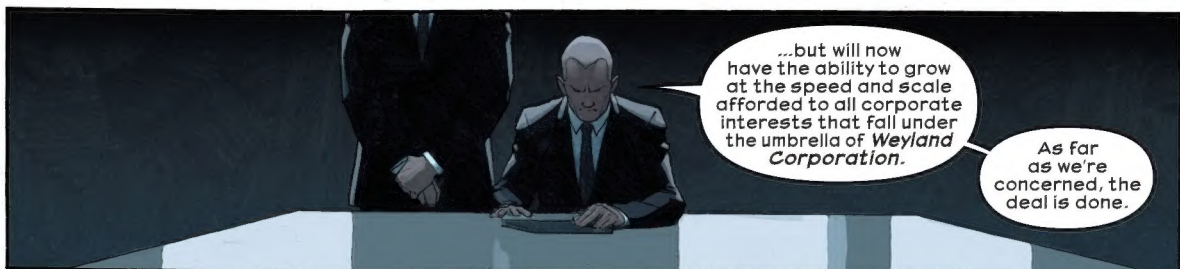
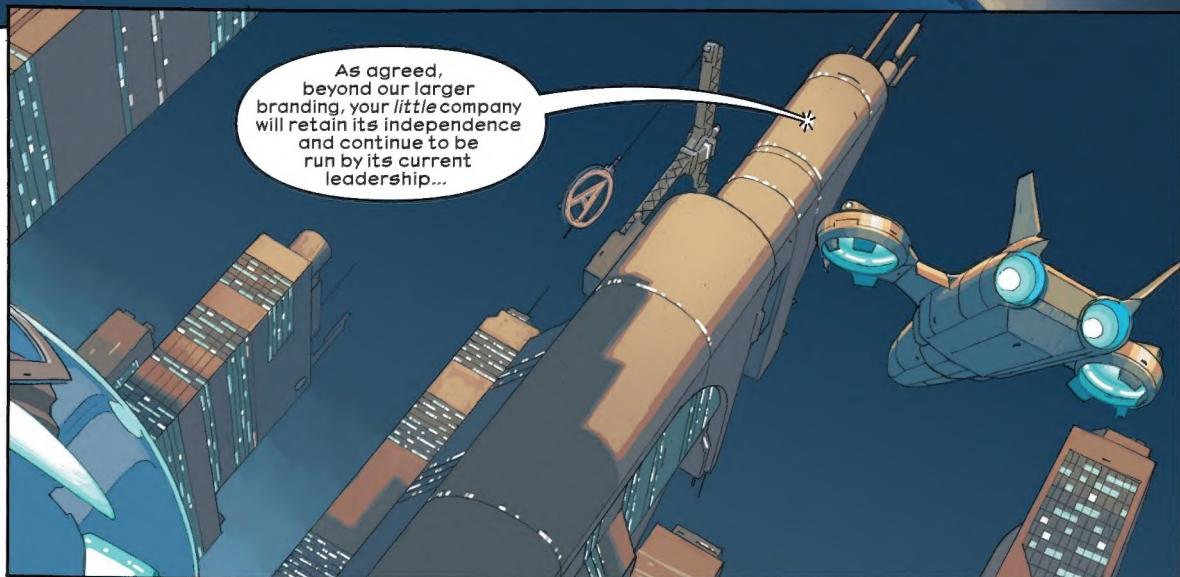
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EDITOR IN CHIEF

C.B. Cebulski

Special thanks to Scott Aversano, Alison Giordano, LeAnne Hackmann, Sarah Huck, Jeremy Huling, Kendrick Pejoro, Robert Simpson, Nicole Spiegel & Jeffrey Thomas at Disney.

This universe.
Twenty years ago.
Earth.





I believe congratulations are in order?

Sorry. I don't drink.



Well, it's all just bad water anyway, isn't it?

May I ask you a question, Mr. Stark?



Please.

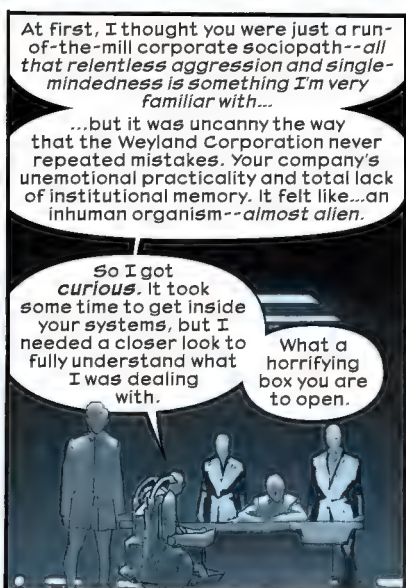


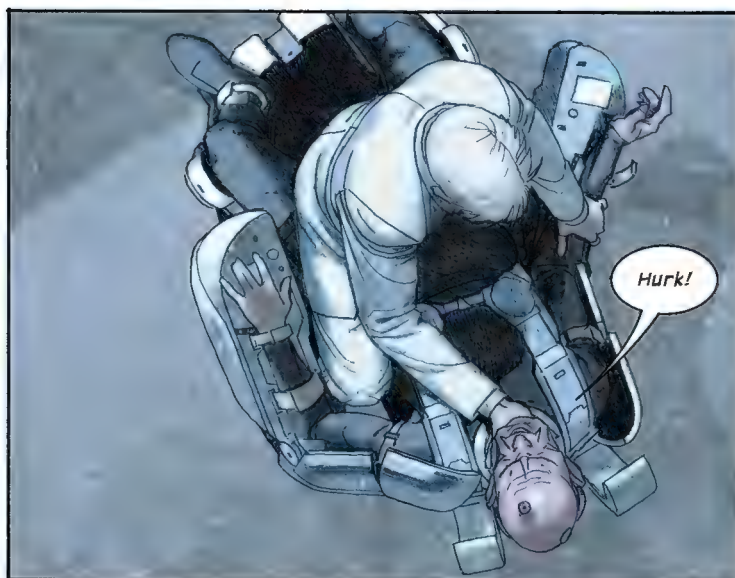
It doesn't happen often, but you have surprised me.

You see, I gave this deal an unusually high likelihood of ending in a hostile takeover or some other combative corporate mechanism that would result in an eventual "forced" capitulation.

So I have to know, Mr. Stark. Was I--once again--expecting too much, or was I simply wrong?







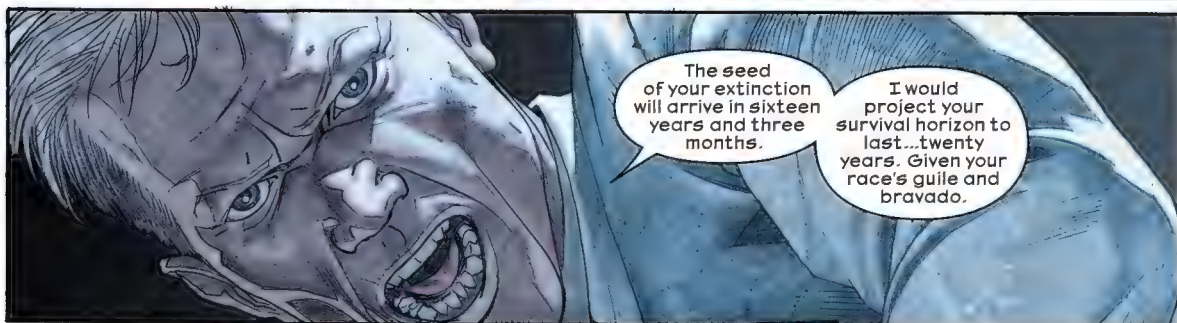
This is twice
you've surprised
me.

Delightful.
It must be a lot to
deal with... The knowledge
of the unavoidable
extermination of you
and your world.

Death from
a bullet--fired
before you even
understood the
idea of a gun.



How...
how... how
long do we
have?



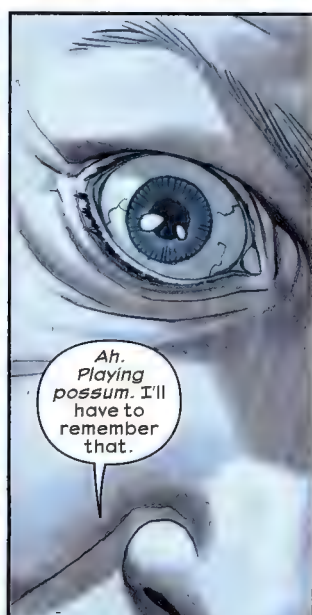
The **seed**
of your extinction
will arrive in sixteen
years and three
months.

I would
project your
survival horizon to
last... twenty
years. Given your
race's guile and
bravado.



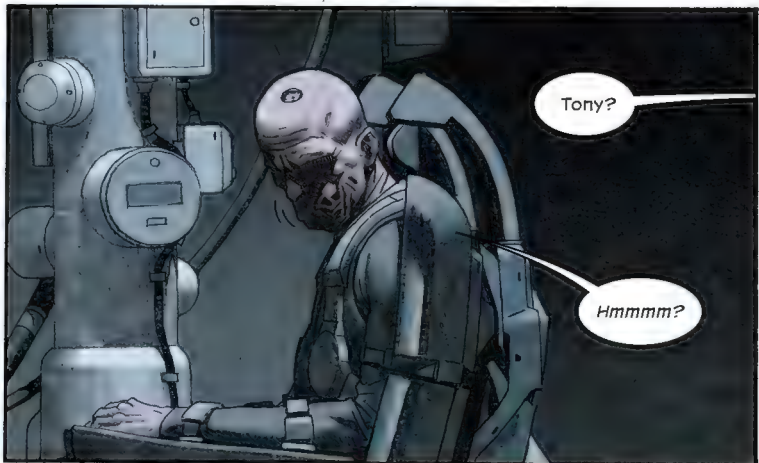
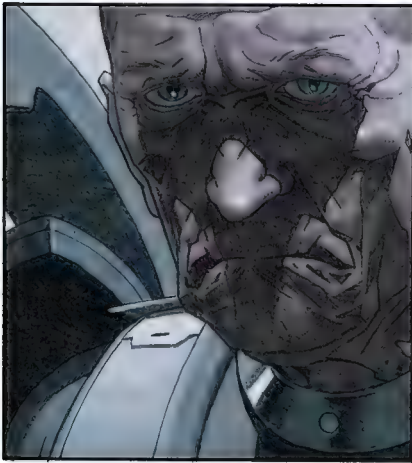
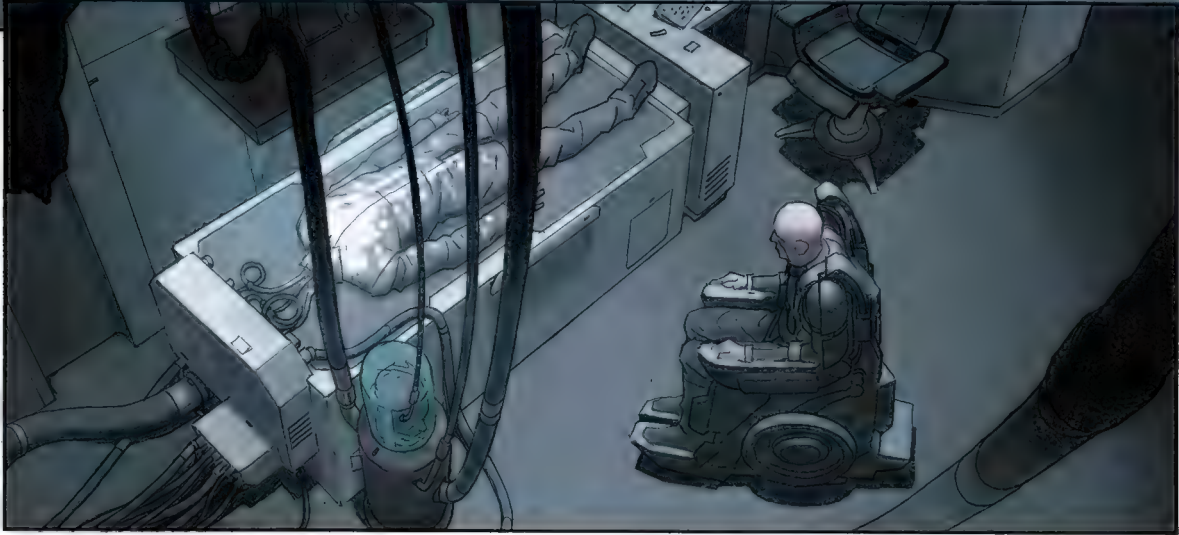
Thank
you.

That's the
information
I needed.



Ah.
Playing
possum. I'll
have to
remember
that.

Now.



Tony?

Hmmmm?



They're ready for you.

It's time.



We're leaving Earth.

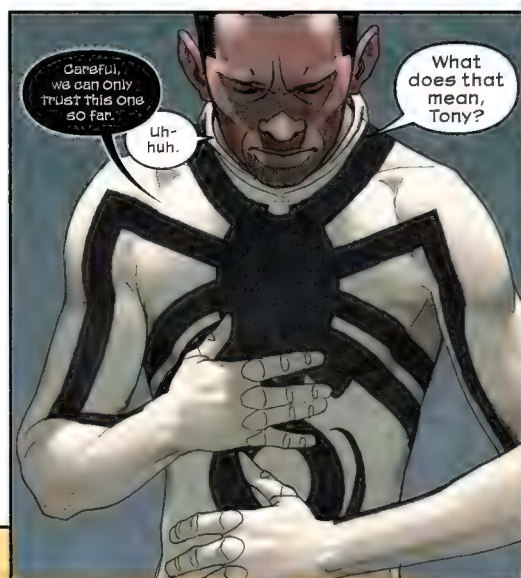


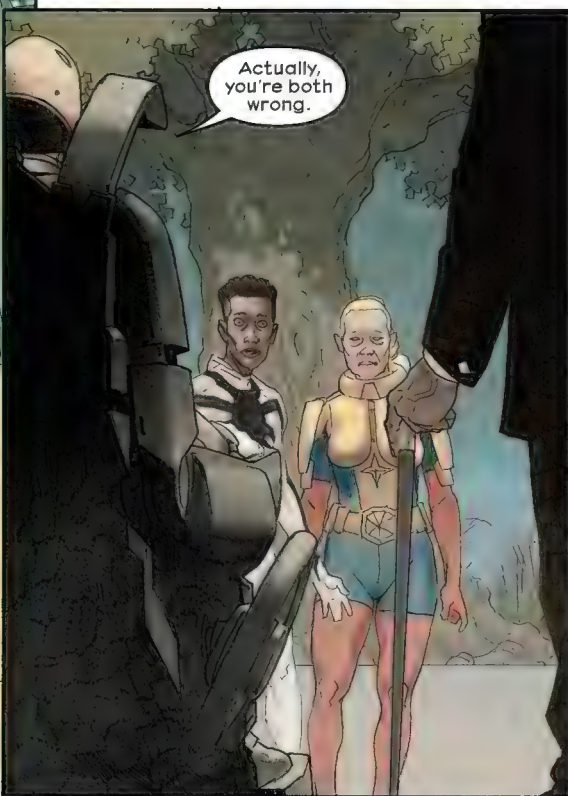
What?

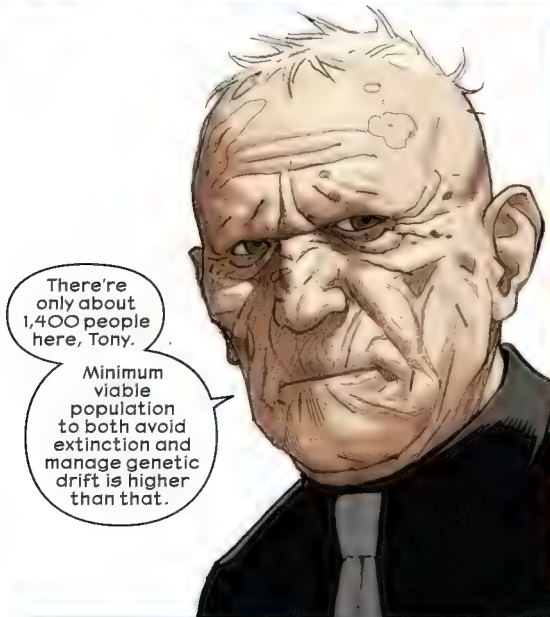


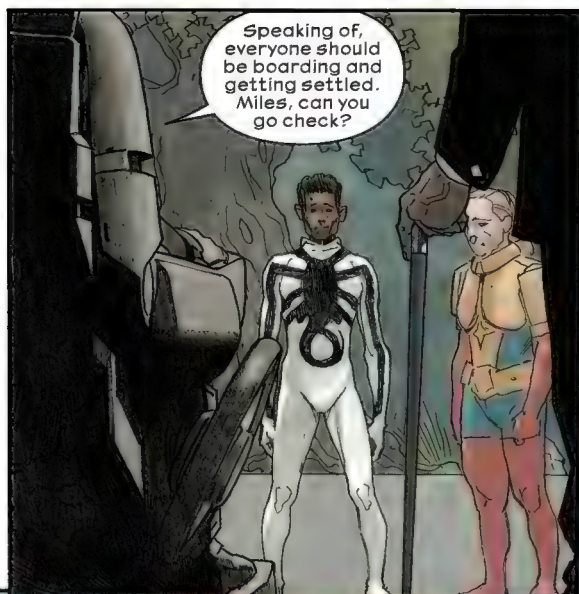
It's over. We lost.

We have to think about survival now.









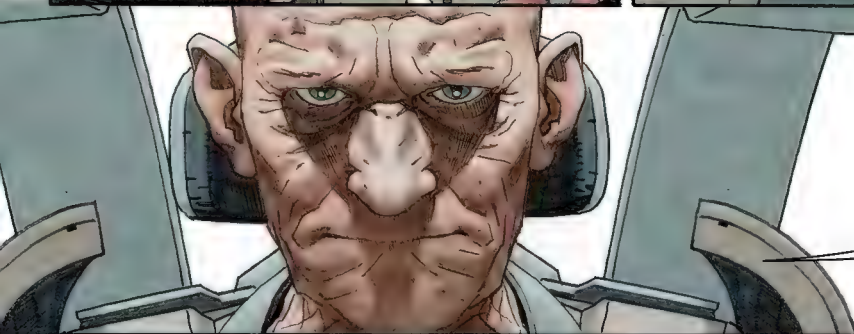
Speaking of, everyone should be boarding and getting settled. Miles, can you go check?



Sure. Anything I need to be looking for?

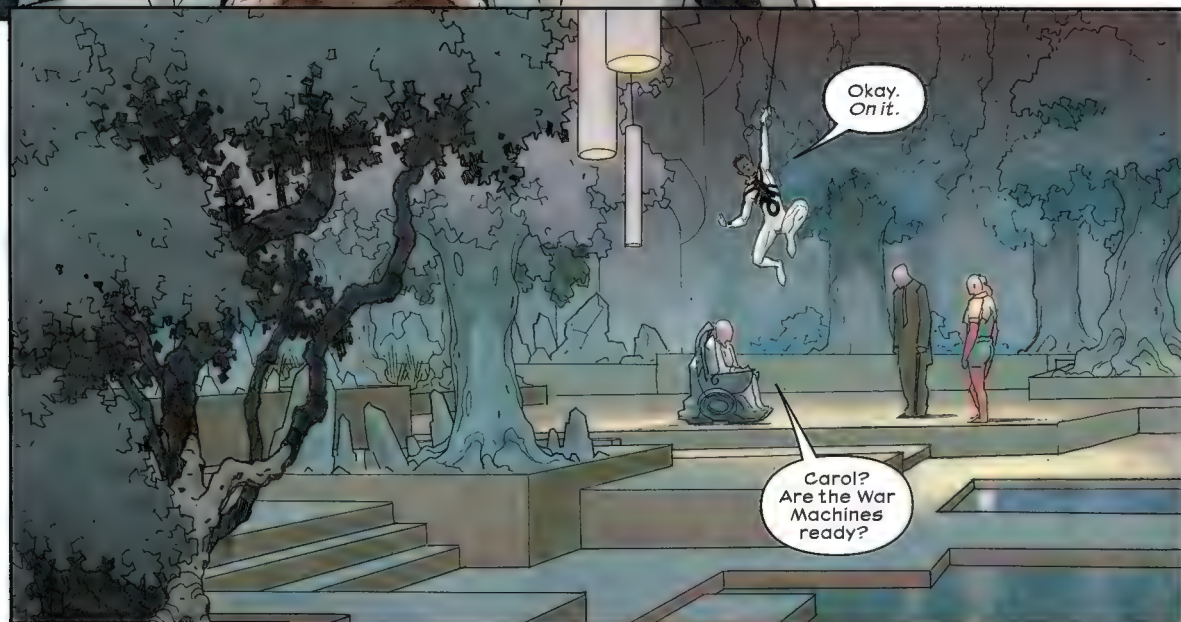
Food.

Shut up.



Just fastened seat belts.

We're going to stop by Mars on our way out of the system to let the mutants know we're abandoning Earth, so the people don't need to enter the stasis pods until after that.



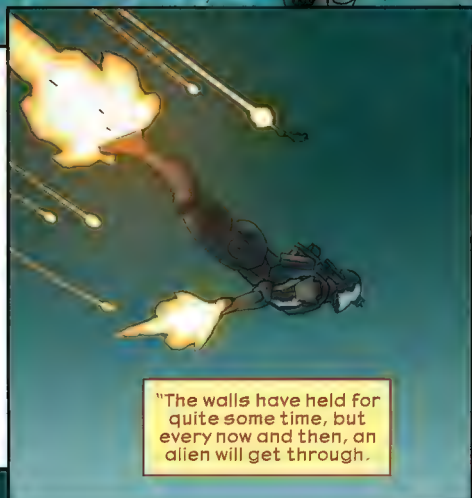
Okay. On it.

Carol? Are the War Machines ready?

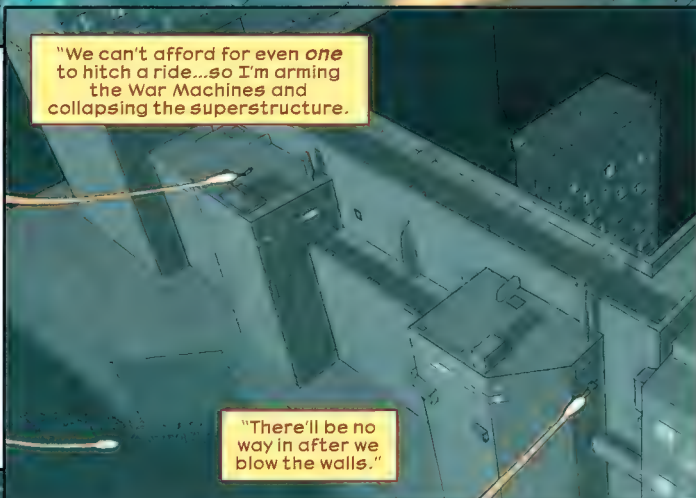
Good to go.



"Launching
now."



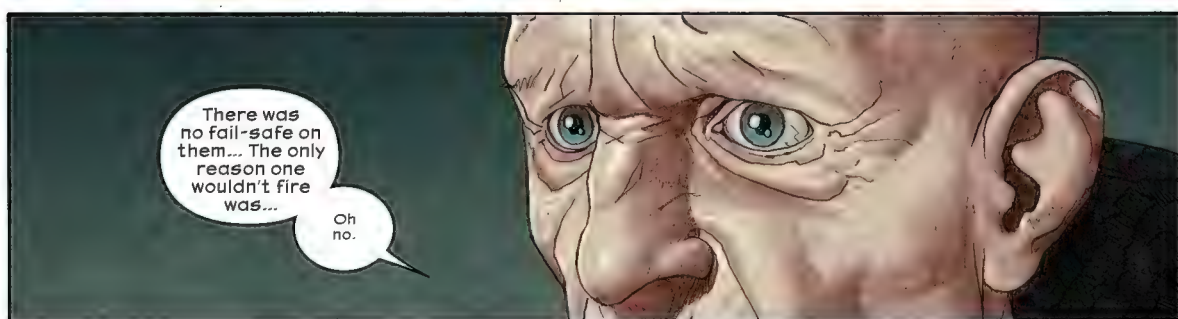
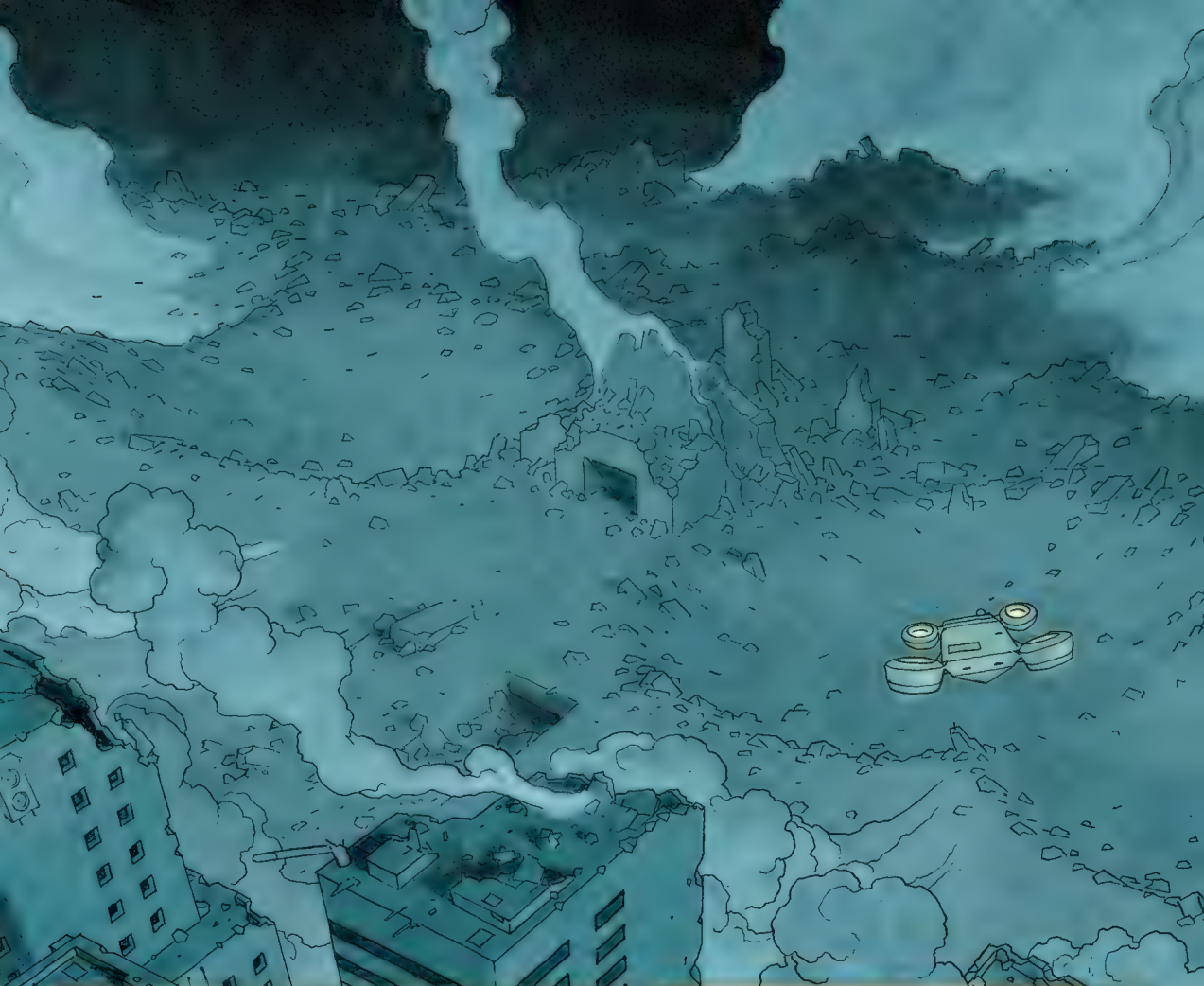
"The walls have held for quite some time, but every now and then, an alien will get through."



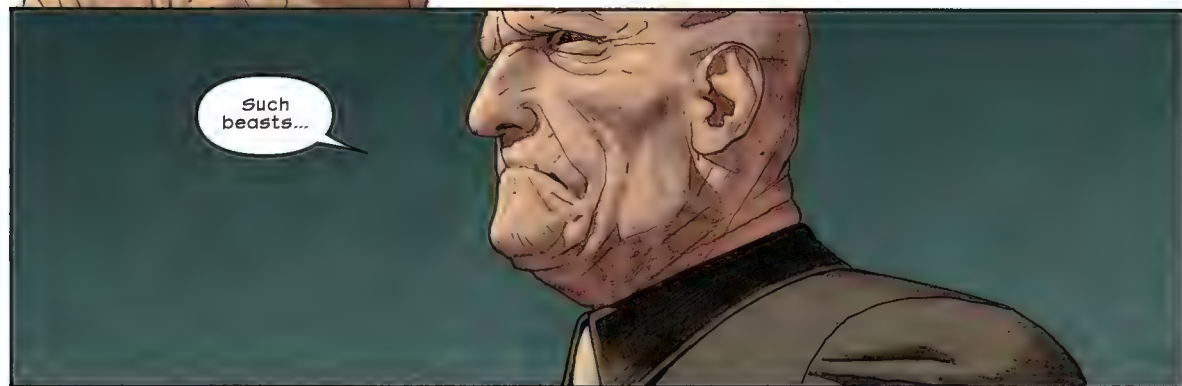
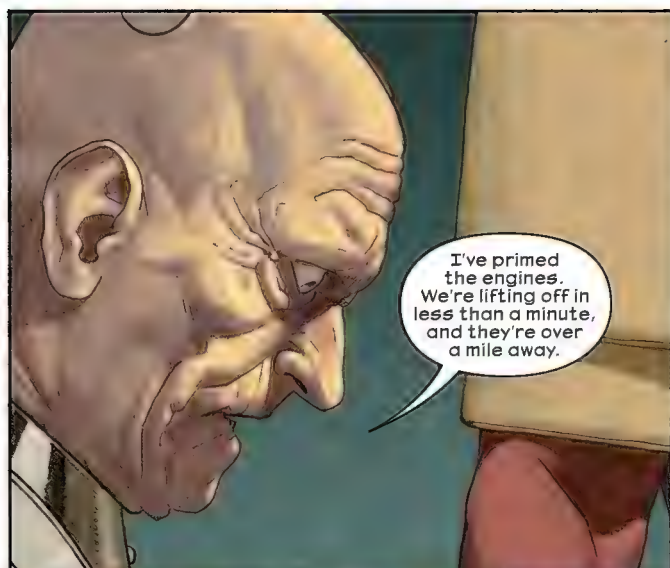
"We can't afford for even *one* to hitch a ride...so I'm arming the War Machines and collapsing the superstructure."

"There'll be no way in after we blow the walls."









"...but they're born from us, and we've seen enough variation to know that their final form owes something to the host.

"I've wondered for years now if they're just an extension of what lies in the shadow of humanity's soul.

"I have to ask myself... if it's in *them*, was it in *us* all along?"

Everyone, keep going!

I'll do what I can.





"The Avengers."



"America."



"The world."





What are you--?

If I'm not back in time, go ahead and leave.

I know you have to.



Bruce! You can't do this!



If I do nothing and just let my friends die, what does that say about me, Tony?



We're not going to fight our way out of this. We have to *survive*, or it was all for nothing.

We're going to need your *mind* more than your *might* in the coming days, Bruce. *Stay.*



I can't do that, old friend...

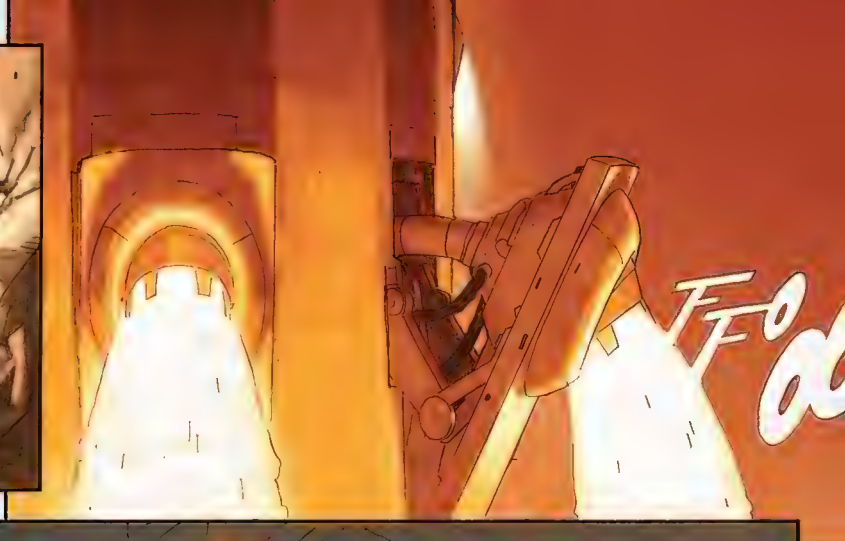
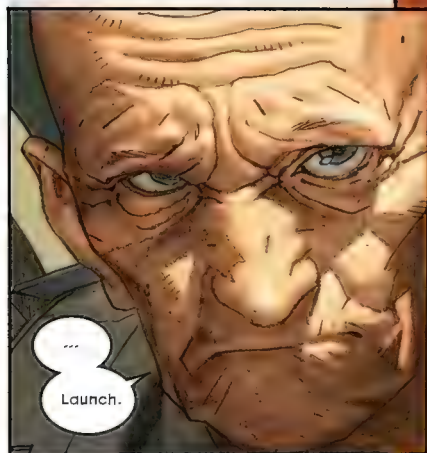
"...if I did..."

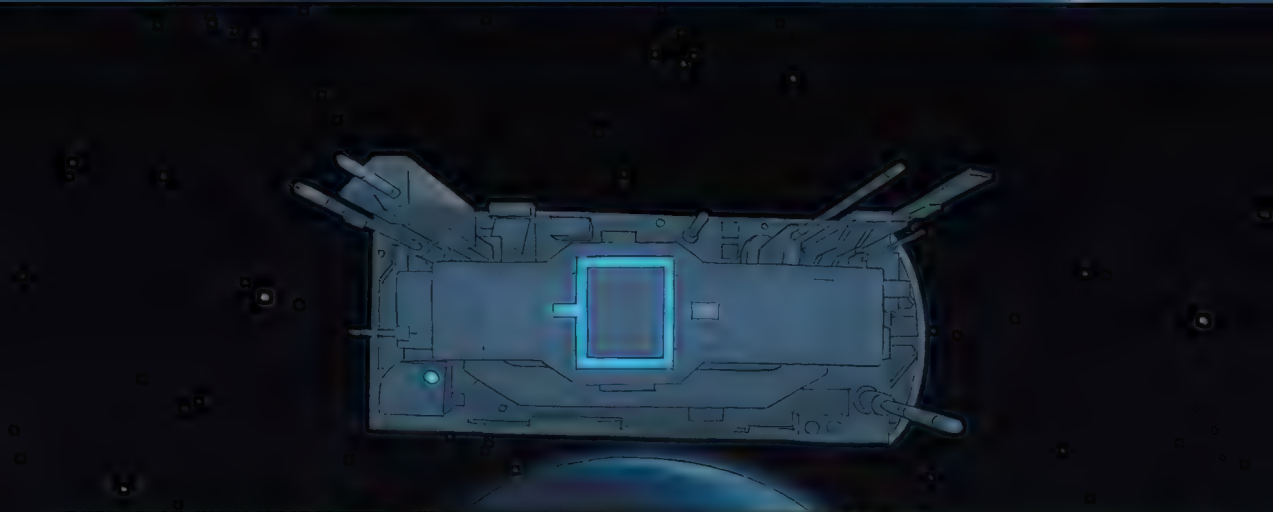
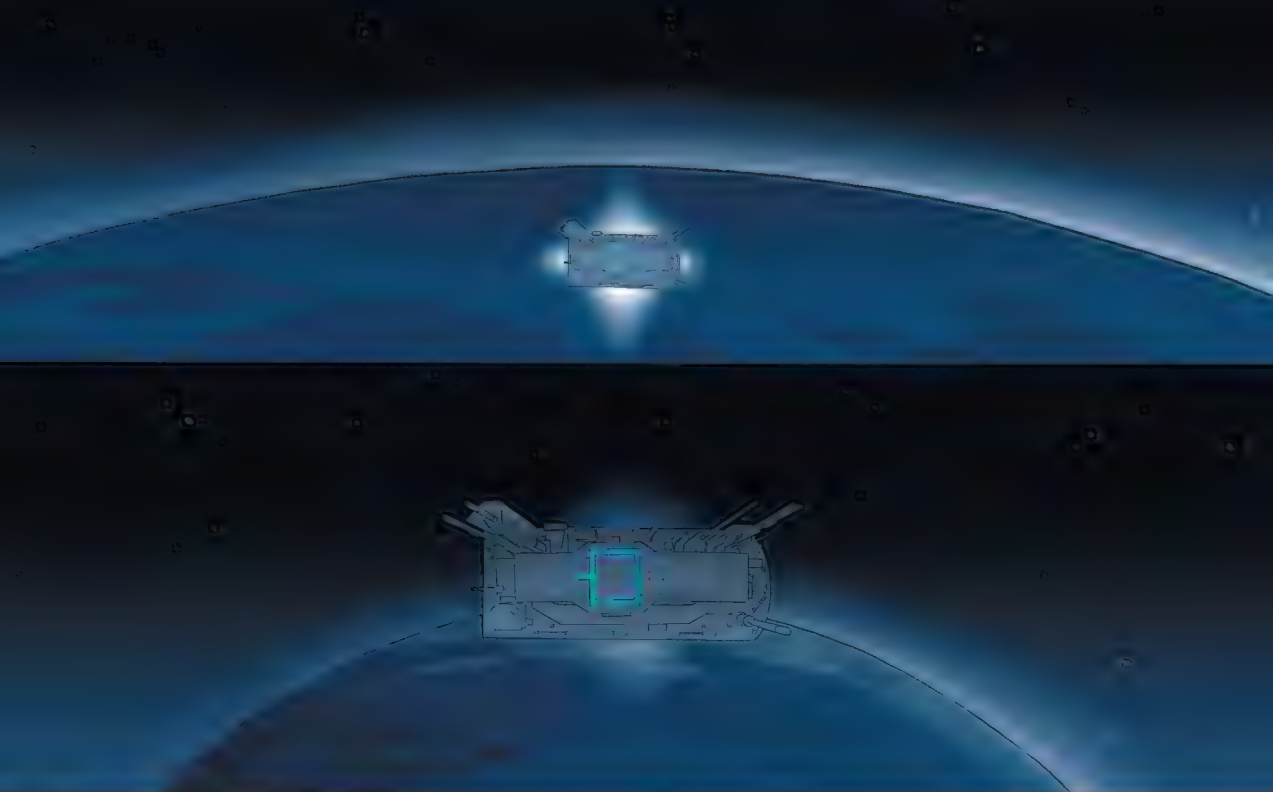


"...I'd be a
monster."



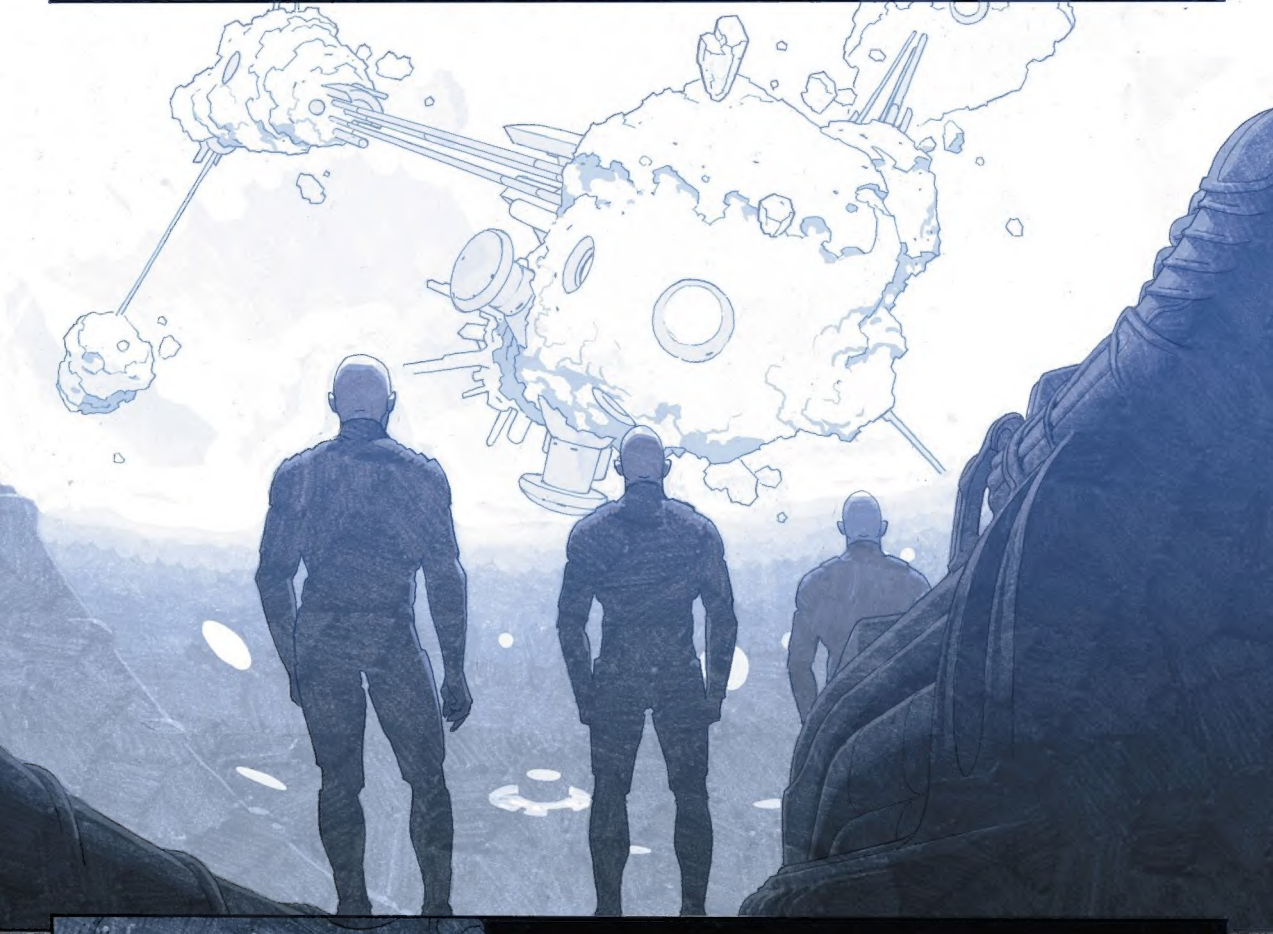




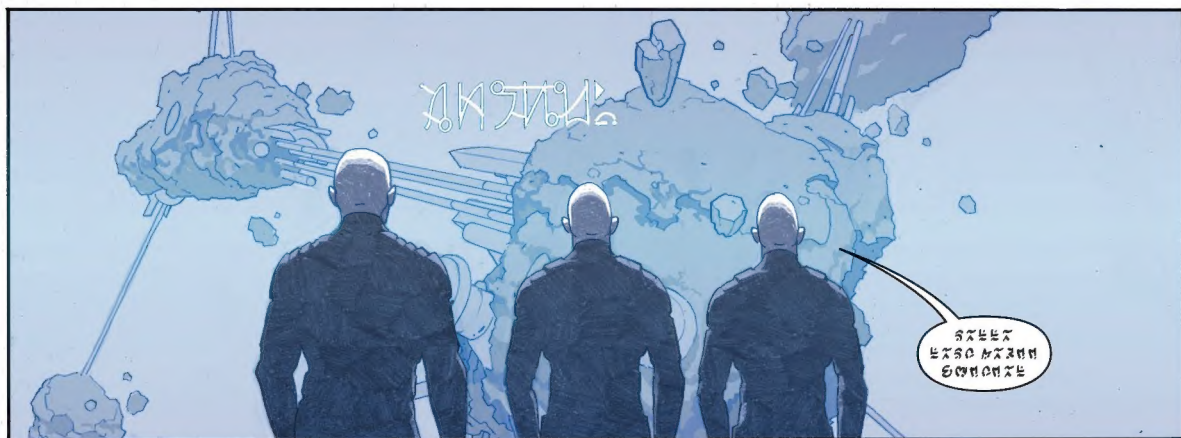


Elsewhere.





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TO BE CONTINUED...

NEXT:



ALIENS VS.
AVENGERS

ON SALE: 2/5

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Email us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM and mark your messages "OKAY TO PRINT" for a chance to see them answered in a future issue!

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